



Stranger Things 3 - New Beginnings by Kryogenic

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Drama, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Eleven/Jane H., Lucas S., Max M., Mike W.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-02-11 16:34:01

Updated: 2019-03-31 11:11:03

Packaged: 2019-12-12 20:32:22

Rating: M

Chapters: 7

Words: 13,801

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Even with the gate to the upside down closed, Eleven struggles to acclimate to normal life. However, the lack of danger allows her to develop her feelings toward Mike as something more than friends. Her curiosity about the physical aspects of love result in several new...experiences. **DISCLAIMER: ALL CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY ARE FICTIONAL AND OF CONSENTING AGE...BLAH, BLAH, BLAH...**

1. Chapter 1 - Aftermath

Don't be too disappointed there aren't any hot, steamy scenes in the first chapter. I'm nothing if not realistic. And I don't believe Eleven jumping Mike like a starved baboon is realistic, nor would it do justice to the story. So please enjoy a bit of backstory and character development before things develop in a more realistic fashion between Mike and Eleven. This is only my second story on fanfiction, so any comments/reviews are appreciated. Let me know if I should continue and your own ideas on how things might realistically unfold. Enjoy!

Chapter 1 - Aftermath

It felt like only yesterday that Eleven had closed the gate to the Upside Down. That Will was a spy for the mind flayer. That Hawkins lab was exposed by Nancy and Jonathan, and had since been shut down. So much has happened since then.

TKKKK! The sound of the toaster startled a distracted Eleven, causing her to jump in the kitchen chair she was sitting in. Hopper let out a small chuckle, "I think that's for you." It had been a year since the incident, and yet Eleven hadn't managed to shake the flashbacks to the lab or the nightmares that plagued her sleep. The memory of the man she once called Papa throbbed like a burning coal in her head.

She stood up and made her way to the kitchen. The floor of Hopper's cabin creaked beneath her feet. She quickly tossed the two hot Eggos onto a plate and proceeded to douse them in syrup.

"Easy there kiddo!" Hopper cautioned as he took the bottle from her and sat it upright on the counter. "Do you want to end up in a coma?" She gave him a displeased look that lasted only seconds. As much as she wanted to make another statement with her powers, the old cabin could simply not afford another episode.

Instead, Eleven just stared at Hopper. He stood firmly, his pants sagging slightly in the absence of his belt, which was lying on the table across from her. His gun still in its holster. The top three buttons of his police uniform were undone and there was a coffee stain on his right pocket. Hopper wore a hardened look on his face.

An unfiltered cigarette protruded from the corner of his mouth.

Despite her differences with the stubborn and disheveled man standing before her, Eleven was eternally grateful to him. They had been through so much together after all. He had taken her in when she was barely surviving on her own in the woods. He provided her with clothes and food. He was with her when she closed the gate to the Upside Down.

"No," she said plainly. Satisfied with her response, Hopper proceeded to the kitchen and continued drinking his coffee, black, with no sugar. He glanced down at his watch. "Aww...dammit, dammit, dammit!" He slammed his mug down, some of its contents sloshing out onto the counter.

"We're late. Hurry up. Grab your jacket." With that, Eleven scarfed down the rest of her Eggo and put on her jacket. Hopper quickly fastened his belt and grabbed his hat, closing the door behind them as they left the little cabin.

As they drove through Hawkins, Eleven stared out the window of the Jeep, still in disbelief of how much her life had changed since she escaped from the lab. How much she had learned. How much she still wanted to learn.

As they approached the school, Eleven reached into the back seat and grabbed her backpack. Hopper pulled up to the curb. As she looked out the window, Eleven could see her friends riding up to the school and parking their bikes in front. First Lucas, then Dustin, then Will, and lastly Mike.

"Mike," she said quietly under her breath. Every time she saw him, her day got a little bit better. Mike was always there for her. When she was lost in the Upside Down, surviving in the woods alone, or lying low under Hopper's protection, he was there. Even though he couldn't see or hear her, she could see him. She could feel his loneliness. She was lonely too, but not anymore. After everything, she could now see Mike in class, after school, or whenever she wanted. She smiled.

"Have a great day at school, kiddo." Hopper said as she stepped out of

the Jeep. "Try not to break anything," he jested. As she neared her friends, Max approached from the right on her skateboard, stopping just short of the bike rack. "Sup, losers." she said sarcastically. "Hey Max." said Lucas calmly. "Hey Max!" Dustin parroted Dustin excitedly.

Mike turned slightly, making eye contact with the last member of their group. "El!" Mike rushed from the bike racks to close the gap between them. The rest of the group quickly followed suit. About that time, the bell signaling first period rang loudly. The crew headed inside.

As Eleven sat next to her friends in science class, she gazed out of the window. She was perfectly content for once in her life. She was going to school, living a normal life, but more importantly she had her friends back. She was no longer just...surviving.

"Jane?" Mr. Clarke beckoned from the front of the room. Eleven looked around cluelessly. Everyone was staring at her. "What?" she asked blankly. The rest of the class laughed. "Quiet class," Mr. Clarke said sternly. "Jane, I was asking if you could tell us the difference between an amphibian and a reptile?" Across the room, Dustin squirmed excitedly in his seat. "Oh, oh!" He waved his hand. Ignoring him, Mr. Clarke tried again, "I'll give you a hint, it has something to do with their life cycle." A few moments of silence passed. "C'mon, this is an easy one."

Eleven looked to Mike who was mouthing the word water. Still, she didn't understand. After several more moments of awkward silence, Mr. Clarke finally relented. "Yes...Dustin."

"Amphibians are cold-blooded vertebrates that begin life in water breathing through gills and later mature on land. They include frogs, toads, and salamanders. Reptiles are also cold-blooded vertebrates, but live their entire life breathing air despite the fact that many live and hunt in wetlands and swamps."

"Thank you, Dustin," Mr. Clarke said flatly. Mike smiled at Eleven reassuringly. The bell rang and the rest of the kids rushed out of the classroom for lunch. Mr. Clarke stopped Eleven before she could leave. "Jane, you're a smart girl, I know it! Even if you don't know an

answer, try to guess. I don't mean to pick on you, I just don't want you to fall behind. Understand?" Eleven nodded. "Yes?" Mr. Clarke asked, attempting to provoke a response. "Yes," Eleven said with a smile. "Well, okay," said Mr. Clarke warmly, "now run along!"

After school, the group convened at their regular meeting place, the AV Club room. Mike, Lucas, Dustin, and Will had saved enough money to replace the HAM radio that had caught fire when Eleven used her powers to contact Will in the Upside Down. However, only Dustin and Will used it on a regular basis.

Since the Snow Ball, Lucas and Max, as well as Mike and Eleven, had become something more than just friends. Most of their time spent in the AV room consisted of holding hands and laughing as Dustin and Will transmitted hilarious things over the HAM. Only today, Eleven sat quietly with her arms in her lap.

"What's wrong, El?" Mike asked. She didn't answer. "C'mon El, you can tell me." Again, she stayed silent. "Is this about today in Mr. Clarke's class?" Eleven turned away from Mike, crossing her arms. "Not smart," she said. Mike put his hands on her shoulders. "That's not true! You're super smart! Isn't that right, guys?"

"Yeah, very smart!" Lucas said reassuringly. "Totally," Will chimed. "Definitely," said Max. Eleven turned back toward Mike and the group. Mike took her hands in his. "You killed the demogorgon!" he added. "And you figured out that I was stuck in the Upside Down," Will said, elbowing Dustin. Dustin took off the headphones. "What?" Lucas rolled his eyes. "We were saying how smart Eleven is," Will informed.

"Oh...yeah, super smart...the smartest...like a genius," Dustin added unconvincingly. "Gee, thanks Dustin," Mike said sarcastically. "You also shut the gate to the Upside Down and locked up the shadow monster for good. That was super brave and smart," added Max. "That's right," said Mike. "So what if you don't know the answer to a boring science question, you've been there for us when we needed it and we think you're really smart."

"Really?" she questioned. "Really," Mike said sincerely. The rest of the group nodded. After a few moments of silence, Dustin resumed his

silly radio chatter. Lucas held Max's hand as he shook his head in disapproval. Mike put his arm around Eleven and she scooted closer, resting her head on his chest.

After an hour, the group gathered their things and got on their bikes to head home. Mike and Eleven followed their usual route to the police station, where she always stayed until Hopper finished his work. "Eleven?" Mike said as he walked his bike alongside her. "Yeah?" she replied. "You look really pretty today," he said. She blushed and turned her head downward to conceal her toothy smile.

Thoughts of losing Mike quickly flooded her mind. Everytime she would become happy, her personal defences shaped by years of mistreatment would kill her temporary joy. Her life at Hawkins Lab and survival in the woods had hardened her. While she had allowed her friends to penetrate those walls, she couldn't stop the innate sense of lurking danger from killing her happy moments. It frustrated her. Her smile faded.

After a few seconds, she reseated herself in the moment. She noticed that Mike still looking at her from the corner of her eye. She raised her head and forced a small smile, laying her hand atop his on the handle of the bike he was walking. The sun was shining bright from the west and she noticed small streaks of light blurring the edges of his black hair. She had practically memorized his features. In moments where she felt lonely, helpless, or scared, she would imagine his kind face: His freckles, his slightly crooked smile, and his dark brown eyes.

Everything good she associated with Mike. She was extraordinarily grateful to him for taking her in when she was scared and for believing in her even when she failed to believe in herself. Mike was the kind of friend she never knew existed...but there was something else there too.

Something had flowered since their kiss in the cafeteria. Since the Snow Ball. She felt a warmth when he was around. Something that made her feel both safe and vulnerable at the same time. His compliments would make her blush and smile uncontrollably.

The feeling reminded her of specific moments while tucked away in

Hopper's cabin. She would drag the old TV into her room and watch black and white sitcoms for hours. She studied the characters, her receptive mind absorbing their behavioral patterns like water to a sponge. When the boy kissed the girl, she would smile. She wasn't ashamed to have shared such moments with Mike. Truthfully, she wanted something...more. Frankly, she was unsure of exactly more was. However, her curiosity and the burning feeling inside her made her want to find out.

2. Chapter 2 - The Library

This chapter is edgier than the last. Eleven's curiosity leads her to take steps to educate herself for what is ultimately to come.

Chapter 2 - The Library

The next day was Saturday. Mike and the gang had plans to undergo yet another extended campaign of Dungeons and Dragons at the Wheeler household. Everyone showed up around ten in the morning after breakfast and the boys set up the game in the basement while arguing over whose D&D character was the best.

Eleven and Max, who were genuinely uninterested in the game, would typically spend their time sitting on the old sofa next to the game table, talking about whatever or reading from the communal stack of comic books. Although today, Eleven had a particular agenda. She wanted to know more about developing the feelings she had for Mike.

"Max?" Eleven asked. "Yeah?" Max replied.

"Have you kissed a boy?" she asked directly. "Wow! Okay! So I guess we're talking about this. Um, why do you ask?" Max stalled. Eleven shrugged. "Well...yes. I have. I kissed Lucas after the Snow Ball last year and a couple times in the junk yard since then, but it's really no big deal." Max said, blushing slightly.

"No?" Eleven questioned. "No," said Max unconvincingly, her voice cracking, "...I mean, it's not like we're doing it or anything."

"Doing...it?" Eleven pushed. "Yeah. You know. Doing it? Like...you know...." Eleven stared at her blankly. "Sex..." Max said uncomfortably.

"Sex?" said Eleven loudly. "SHHH!" Max grabbed Eleven's arm, pulling her into the basement restroom. "Wait...you've never heard of...of...."

"Sex?" she said loudly again. Max's hand shot over Eleven's mouth. "Stop...saying it! Okay?" Eleven nodded. Max removed her hand.

"Wow, okay. You need more help than I thought," Max said bluntly. "While I could explain the physical side of things, I... don't really want to. I'm not even sure I'm qualified!" she said anxiously, pacing back and forth on the concrete floor.

Max suddenly stopped pacing. "I know who you need to talk to," she said with certainty. "Come with me!" With that, Max grabbed Eleven's arm and they went quickly upstairs. The boys, still entranced in their game, paid little attention.

They passed Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler in the living room. Mr. Wheeler ate peanuts in his La-Z-Boy as he watched an uninteresting program on TV. Mrs. Wheeler shook her head at him, drinking a glass of white wine. The girls quickly passed through, making their way to the upstairs bedrooms. They stopped in front of Nancy's room at the end of the hall. The door was open slightly. Max knocked.

"Come in!" Nancy responded. "Hey," started Max nervously, "So Eleven has some questions about a... particular subject but I wasn't really sure how to help her so I figured you might be able to, I don't know, help."

"Sure," Nancy said, still confused. "What exactly do you have questions about?" she said taking a drink from a glass of water. Eleven looked at Max then back to Nancy. "Sex," she said plainly. "Uhh-hh" Nancy started, choking on her water, "okay." Max closed the bedroom door. "So...what do you know already?"

"She knows nothing!" assured Max. "I see...so, the basics then?" Eleven nodded. "Well...can I ask first why you're interested in...sex... all of a sudden?"

"Mike," said Eleven. Nancy choked again on her water, this time sitting the glass on the bedside table. "This is awkward," she said quietly under her breath. "Okay," said Nancy reassuringly. "Well...I hope you aren't rushing into things. Especially at your age. I can tell you from experience that sex isn't what everyone makes it to be." Eleven stared blankly at her. "Right. The basics," she reminded herself.

"Are you doing anything important today?" Nancy asked. Eleven

shook her head. "Come with me. We're going to the source of knowledge. The library. Max, you're welcome to come too."

"As fun as that sounds," Max began sarcastically, "I think I'm gonna pass. I have some...things I have to do."

"Well, you know where we'll be if you change your mind," Nancy said politely, putting on a light jacket.

In less than twenty minutes, Nancy and Eleven were standing in the lobby of the Hawkins Public Library. The smell of old books and cedar shelves filled the room. "This way!" said Nancy beckoning Eleven from the edge of a row of books.

Eleven followed Nancy, reading the signs at the end of each row of books along the way. It didn't take long until they reached the relevant section. Health Education read the sign at the end of the section. "Here we are!" said Nancy. She walked down to the end of the section and, after a few minutes of shuffling and clicking sounds with her tongue, came back with a book titled *The Principles of Sex*.

They found a stray table near the end of the aisle with only two chairs. Nancy positioned Eleven's chair to face the wall and left the other chair at the adjacent side for herself. "Have a seat," she directed.

Confused, Eleven sat down at the chair Nancy had moved for her. "Okay," Nancy began, "this book will tell you everything you need to know about the physical side of sex. It has pictures and descriptions of everything so you should grasp it pretty quickly. I have some college prep work to do, so if you have any questions, I'll be right here and I want you to ask me. Understand?"

Eleven nodded in understanding. She opened to the fourth page, the Table of Contents. She read through the chapters briefly. *Chapter 1: The Male and Female Forms, Chapter 2: The Mechanics of Sex, Chapter 3: Foreplay...* She turned a few more pages to the first chapter. She read the introduction:

So you're curious about sex. That's completely normal. In this book, you will master the basic principles of sex, as well as understand the

precautions you must take as a responsible adult. In later chapters, you will learn some useful tips and techniques for finding out what your partner does and doesn't like.

Eleven continued reading, turning the page. On the next page were two large photos: One of a naked man and the other of a naked woman. She stared curiously at the anatomy of the man, immediately noticing the appendage between the legs. Penis she noted, reading the label next to the body part. She had never seen one and wondered if Mike had one. She kept reading:

The male sex organs are known as the penis and testicles. The female sex organ is known as the vagina. Both of the organs interact in the activity of sex for the purpose of pleasure or for the production of offspring.

Offspring? Eleven thought to herself. She looked up at Nancy who quickly noticed her attention. "Question?" asked Nancy. "What is...offspring?" asked Eleven. "It means children. When two people have sex, if they don't use protection, then the woman can get pregnant because of the man and have a baby," Nancy informed.

Eleven's mind raced back to the memory she witnessed inside her mother's head. The moment of her own birth. Papa taking her away from her mother. "No babies," she said firmly. "Yeah, no, you don't want babies.... At least not right away," Nancy said. "No babies ever," Eleven clarified. "Well..." Nancy said uncomfortably, "that is your choice of course. You can make sure you don't get pregnant by taking birth control or using a condom. It should talk about that in the book."

Eleven turned her attention back to the book and continued reading. After roughly an hour and a half, Nancy began gathering her things. "We better go," she said. "My mom will have lunch ready for us soon. You can come back and read the book anytime you want, but I wouldn't recommend checking it out, or people might think it's...weird." With that, Nancy grabbed the book and slid it back in its spot on the shelf. "We should hurry, my mom's making meatloaf!"

As Nancy headed toward the lobby, Eleven's curiosity got the better of her. She took the book from its spot and put it in her shirt, zipping up her jacket. "Are you coming?" Nancy beckoned. "Coming," Eleven

said, catching up to her.

When they got home, Mrs. Wheeler was setting the table. "Where have you girls been?" she asked lightheartedly. "Oh. Well, I took Eleven to that new dress shop on the corner, then we went to the library for my college prep work, and all that. It's super quiet there!"

"Sounds fun!" said Mrs. Wheeler smiling. "Glad you girls had a good day. Hope you're hungry for meatloaf!"

"Starved!" said Nancy. "I've been telling El just how great your meatloaf is!" Mrs. Wheeler let out a small chuckle that was unconvincingly modest. She looked directly at Eleven, "Well, it did take blue ribbon at the Hawkin's Homeowners Association Banquet four years in a row."

"Well, we should probably wash up before lunch," interrupted Nancy. "Right..." said Mrs. Wheeler, still caught up in the compliment, "well hurry back girls! I've got my famous mashed potatoes too!" With that, Nancy headed up the stairs, while Eleven headed downstairs to find place to stash the book.

When she got downstairs, Max was reluctantly helping the boys settle a dispute between Lucas and Dustin about whether trolls were allowed to attack two turns after being stunned or three. Eleven took the opportunity to stash the book under the right cushion of the sofa in the corner. About that time, Mrs. Wheeler called loudly down the stairs. "Time to eat! I don't ask twice!" The group agreed to settle the dispute later.

Before heading upstairs, Mike stopped in front of Eleven. "Hey," he said shyly. "I saw you left." Eleven looked at the couch cushion then back to Mike. "Went to the library with Nancy," she said. "Oh," said Mike. He then took Eleven's hand and they headed up the stairs behind the rest of the group.

3. Chapter 3 - The Book

Things start to get...physical...in this chapter as Eleven gathers knowledge from the book. No, Mike and El aren't doing the horizontal mambo yet! But I'm also not going to spoil it for you. Reader's discretion is advised.

Chapter 3 - The Book

After lunch, the gang resumed their campaign in the basement. Max resumed her reading of comic books on the couch. As much as hanging out with her friends appealed to her, Eleven was eager to expand her knowledge of sex. She wanted to excuse herself with the book, but she was afraid that Max would notice her retrieving the book from under the cushion and inadvertently alert the rest of the group. So she waited for her opportunity.

Max got up to use the restroom. This is it, she thought. Eleven reached for the book below the cushion...she didn't feel it. Where is it? She thought, panicked. She lifted the other cushion as well...no book. She quickly got on her knees and pressed her face against the floor to look under the sofa...no book. About that time, she felt a tapping on her shoulder that made her jump quickly to her feet.

"Looking for this?" asked an amused Max. In her hands she held the very book that she was looking for. Eleven nodded anxiously. "You know, you should really be less obvious when you're trying to hide something," Max suggested. Max lowered the book, handing it to Eleven. "So this is what Nancy suggested, huh? Well, not bad. Interesting though...the card in the back doesn't show you checked it out." Max gave a wink to Eleven who realized that Max was going to keep her secret. Eleven smiled back at her. "Thanks," she said, relieved by Max's discretion.

"No problem," said Max. "Just let me know when you finish it and we can take it back to the library together." Eleven nodded. Max sat down and resumed flipping through the comic books. Eleven tucked the book away under her jacket and made her way over to the table. She stood next to Mike and waited for an opening in the conversation.

"Home," she said. "You're going home?" asked Mike concerned. "Don't feel well," she said, grabbing her stomach convincingly. "Oh, well...I'm sure my mom has some medicine if you..."

"No," she replied firmly, quickly easing her tone. "Thank you," she said. "Well, okay," Mike said, a bit disappointedly. "Do you want me to come with you?"

"Dude!" began Lucas. "You have to be here. You are the Dungeon Master." The rest of the group looked up, quickly realizing grasping the situation. "Yeah, we've been planning this campaign for months," started Dustin, "so you can't just ditch right in the middle."

"It's okay," said Eleven, smiling at Mike to ease his conscience. "Well...you'll let me know if you feel worse? You have the number for our house, right?"

"Yes," Eleven replied. Mike leaned in and gave her a hug. Eleven struggled slightly to create space between them so Mike wouldn't feel the book. Dustin sighed loudly in the background. She raised her arms and lightly wrapped them around Mike. "We'll miss you," he said.

"Yeah, yeah! We'll miss you a bunch! Hugs and kisses and all that mushy stuff! Now can we get back to the game already?" Dustin pleaded.

"Fine!" said Mike, "God!" With that, Eleven waved goodbye to Max and headed up the stairs. Mr. Wheeler was still sitting in his chair watching a news program, but Mrs. Wheeler had moved to the kitchen where she was washing dishes. Eleven walked quickly past her but Mrs. Wheeler was very observant. "Leaving already, dear?" Eleven froze, turning slowly. She nodded.

"Well, here," she said, holding out a tupperware container, "take some meatloaf with you. There should be enough for you and Hopper. Just bring back the container whenever it's convenient for you." She gave a friendly smile. "Have a good day," said Mr. Wheeler monotonously, keeping his eyes glued to the television. Mrs. Wheeler shook her head at him. Eleven turned and left for home.

When she got back to Hopper's cabin, she immediately went to her room. She knew Hopper would be out for a few more hours and she wasn't going to waste the opportunity to learn more about sex. None of the doors in the old cabin had locks, including the bathroom. Usually, this didn't matter, but right now she needed privacy.

She looked around the room for something to keep the door shut. After a brief search, she found the story book that Hopper would read to her on occasion and pressed it into the gap beneath the door, tapping it snugly in place with her foot. She sat on the floor at the side of the bed furthest from the door and opened the book to *Chapter 2: The Mechanics of Sex*. She began reading:

Sex between a man and a woman can be a pleasurable and productive experience. In this chapter, you will utilize your knowledge of the male and female anatomy to understand the key spots that are sensitive to stimulation which will become important in the physical act of sex. The physical act of sex will also be described in detail in this chapter.

Eleven was intrigued by the diagrams on the following pages. She continued reading:

The most sensitive part of a man's penis is the tip, especially just below the urethral opening.

There was an arrow pointing to the region.

The most sensitive parts of a woman's body are (1) her clitoris, (2) her g-spot, and (3) her nipples.

Eleven stared at the picture. She could see an arrow pointing to a small spot between the folds of the woman's private parts. She had never noticed this part of herself before.

Curious, she unbuttoned the buttons of her denim jeans and slid one hand underneath her panties. She stopped suddenly, glancing around the room behind her to ensure no one was watching, before continuing.

She could feel the contour of her smooth girl parts. She moved her fingers between the folds, quickly pulling her hand out of her panties.

Water? She thought. Her fingers were coated with a wet solution. She hadn't wet herself, she was sure of that. She went to the book for for an answer. After a few minutes of reading, she it:

Arousal is a key component of sex and may be achieved by reaction to either physical or mental stimuli. One sign a woman is aroused is increased fluid secretion by the vaginal walls. This is a completely safe and natural response of the body to such stimuli and a physiological precursor to sexual activity.

"Aroused," she said quietly under her breath making a mental note of her condition. She slid her hand back into her panties, this time parting her folds and searching for the sensitive spot. After a short time of feeling around, her wet fingers brushed across a small bump.

Upon touching it, she inhaled sharply, and straightened her legs. The bed slid nearly six feet to the other side of the room, banging hard against the wall. She sat stunned and frozen for a second, her back still against the bed and the book still in its original position on the other side of the room.

After a few moments, she took her free hand and wiped her nose. To her surprise, there wasn't any blood. She didn't bother moving the bed back. Instead, she quickly retrieved the book and resumed reading:

1) The Clitoris - This part may be stimulated in a variety of ways. For self-pleasure, fingers are usually sufficient. Stimulation of the clitoris by tongue can also be an extremely pleasurable experience. [For more, see Ch3. Foreplay]

She continued reading:

An orgasm occurs when an individual reaches their particular stimulation threshold. Both mental and physical stimulation may be necessary.... An orgasm may result in muscle spasms, excessive production or expulsion of fluids from the vaginal cavity (for the female) or urethral opening (for the male), and/or a sense of lightheadedness. The orgasm is commonly understood the "peak" of the sexual experience. While physicality is only half of the experience, inducing an orgasm in your partner is a sure sign of success.

Eleven stopped reading. *Orgasm*, she noted, *sign of success*. She wondered if she had experienced an orgasm before. She had experienced the first feeling listed above, but generally under very stressful conditions at the lab. She had experienced lightheadedness under many occasions and wondered why someone would want to experience the feeling voluntarily.

But if orgasm means success, she was determined to make sure that her first sexual experience with Mike resulted in just that for both of them. But could she have an orgasm? *Pleasure threshold*, she read again. If she could reach this threshold, perhaps she could have one.

Determined, Eleven closed the book and slid her hand back into her pants once more. This time she was prepared for the sensation of touching her clitoris. She took a deep breath and began to rub her wet fingers across the small bump. Her breath quickened. After only a few minutes, she could feel that something was about to happen, but she didn't know what. She suspected she was nearing her pleasure threshold and that both excited and scared her.

Thinking back to the book, she slid her opposite hand up the front of her shirt and began rubbing her breasts, eventually focusing on her small, but hard nipples. She had never noticed her breasts being as sensitive as they were in that moment.

With her left hand she made small circles around one nipple. With her right hand, she made swift flicking motions across the top of her clitoris. She was getting close, she could feel it. She closed her eyes. Some of the smaller objects and furniture in the room began to float a few inches above their original position.

She pressed her lips together and slid down toward the floor, reclining further against the bed. She began to think about Mike. About his embrace. About the day he first kissed her in the cafeteria. About their intimate kiss at the Snow Ball. The physical sensations became more intense. She began to vocalize. Her sighs grew louder and she began to moan softly. She was both scared and excited. Suddenly, her body tensed.

At that moment, she heard the door begin to open. She knew who it was. She tried to stop, but there was no turning back. Her hands

moved almost autonomously now. A wave of pure pleasure washed over her.

Frozen, a second wave hit her. She was now experiencing what the book referred to as muscle spasms and lightheadedness. Only it was an amazing feeling. She felt like she was floating, but her pleasure was intertwined with fear as the door opened completely, sending her cleverly placed book across the room.

Gun drawn, Hopper entered the room. "Eleven. Are you oka-" he started, quickly taken off guard by the situation. The final wave of pleasure hit her. The now levitating bed, along with all of the other furniture in the room, slammed down hard onto the cabin floor. She let out her breath, which she had inadvertently been holding for some time. She tried to hold back the air, but couldn't. Instead, it escaped her lips as a resounding "Ugghh!" that filled the room.

A cruel trick of nature, she was finally in control again. She retracted her hands out from beneath her clothing and pulled her still trembling knees quickly up to her chest. Red in the face, she stared at the even redder and more embarrassed Hopper who was now awkwardly looking at the wall across the room. He walked slowly toward her and leaned down, picking up the book she had borrowed from the library. He reholstered his gun. After staring silently at the cover for a good twenty seconds or more, he sat the book down on the edge of the bed and walked toward the open door of the bedroom. He stopped just shy of the doorway.

"You rearranged your room," he said very matter-of-factly, not bothering to turn around. A few moments of awkward silence passed and he stepped out of the room, closing the door behind him.

4. Chapter 4 - Guilt and Gravy

I've been getting a lot of messages from you guys, both good and bad. I just want to say that I appreciate the reviews and criticism. For those of you who are pushing me to crank out chapters quicker or longer chapters: Realize that I have a job and go to school full-time as well so I am a busy person. As much as I can appreciate the desire for more chapters, please be patient and don't resort to distasteful vocabulary. Also, I don't care about the occasional typo. I think I do alright and the rare error doesn't really distract from the story. If you want to commission me to write a short story for you related to Stranger Things, we can have a discussion, otherwise settle down y'all. I do this for fun so as soon as this stops becoming fun, I will no longer do it. Thank you for your understanding and I hope you enjoy this chapter.

Chapter 4 - Guilt and Gravy

After several minutes of sitting in silence, Eleven finally stood up. She buttoned her pants and recentered the lamp on her bedside table. She walked back to the bed and sat down.

Eleven picked up the book and stuffed it under one her pillows, not that it mattered. The damage was done. She had a terrible feeling in the pit of her stomach. She didn't know what it was called as it was unfamiliar to her. Guilt? Embarrassment? Shock?

Whatever it was, it was terrible. She turned over on her side and rested her head on the pillow. She wrapped herself in blankets, even though it wasn't a particularly cold day, and lay silent for almost an hour before she heard someone walking in the cabin. There was a light knock on the door.

"Time to eat," Hopper said quietly. Instead of waiting for a response like he normally would, she could hear the sound of his retreating footsteps. She stood and walked to the door of her room. When she grabbed the doorknob, she felt a twinge of fear run through her at the thought of facing Hopper again, but she knew it couldn't be helped and opened the door.

Hopper was standing in the kitchen facing away from her. His arms

were crossed and he held a cigarette in one hand. She walked over to the kitchen table where two plates were made. She sat down in her usual spot and scooted the chair up to the edge of the table. Hopper took a drag from his cigarette and crushed it out on the counter. He walked over to the table and sat down.

Contrary to common practice, Eleven sat quietly, waiting for permission to eat. Hopper picked up his fork and began eating. "This is good meatloaf," he said. "Where'd it come from."

"Mrs. Wheeler," Eleven said, avoiding eye contact. She stuck her fork into the mashed potatoes with gravy and took a bite. "Good," she said.

"You like it?" he asked. "The potatoes are powdered, but I made the gravy from scratch. Old family recipe," he said, "maybe I can show you how to make it sometime?"

She looked up at Hopper, who was wearing a friendly smile. She relaxed a little bit and nodded, returning the smile. Hopper tended to be overprotective when it came to small things, so the fact that he was showing kindness after such an embarrassing incident was relieving.

"So... you're reading library books now, huh?" There it was. She nodded, looking back down at her food. "Well, just be careful. Knowledge can be a dangerous thing, kiddo. I have no idea what it's like to be a teenage girl, but I'm sure you have all sorts of feelings, and emotions, and...urges. But I know what it's like to be a teenage boy and so I just want to make sure you're being careful and not letting any boys take advantage of you. Are you...being careful?" Hopper struggled to maintain eye contact, his face beginning to turn red again.

She nodded in response, her own face turning red again. "Well, okay then," he said. A few more moments of silence passed before Hopper took a big piece of meatloaf on his fork, pushed it into his mashed potatoes and gravy, and shoved it into his mouth awkwardly. "Mmmm, good stuff!"

It was such a bizarre way to break the ice that it made Eleven smile.

"Oh, you think that's funny, huh?" he asked. Hopper stuck his finger into his potatoes and playfully smeared it on her nose. Eleven, laughing, reciprocated the gesture. Hopper laughed and tried licking the potatoes off his nose with his tongue, which caused her to laugh even more.

After dinner, Eleven and Hopper washed the dishes together. Once they were clean, Hopper put a program on the TV and quickly fell asleep. Eleven walked back into her room, and lay on the bed. She rested her head on the pillow and put one hand underneath it. She could feel the hard edge of the book she forgot was there. She lay quietly, pondering what to do.

Although Hopper did well to lessen her guilt, part of her was so embarrassed about what had happened that she never wanted to do it again. Part of her wanted to do it again because of how it felt, but knew she couldn't ever put Hopper or herself in that type of situation again. And the other part of her knew that she still needed to learn all that she could if she was going to be with Mike in a physical way.

She took the book from under the pillow and stuffed it into the drawer of her bedside table. Lying down, Eleven distantly peered out of her bedroom window. It was raining. There was a small crack in the wood at the top left of her window sill so that when it rained hard, water would leak in from the outside. She fell asleep counting the drops of water that fell from her window onto the cabin floor.

With the passing week, Eleven continued to read the book. However, the knowledge she gained was purely theoretical. Hopper had since installed a lock on her door but Eleven decided that she wasn't taking any chances. At least not at home. She needed to find a new space to indulge in her extracurricular activities.

She wouldn't dare try anything at the police station. She could use the downstairs bathroom at the Wheeler's if she wanted to get caught by her friends. No. Definitely not the school.

The library! she thought. There were very few people around the first time, and in the area where she and Nancy sat, there were none. It's the perfect place.

How do I get there? she thought. The library was on her way to the police station, but Mike would definitely notice if she started walking to the library after AV Club. And Hopper would notice if she went to the library instead of the police station.

Suddenly, Eleven had a breakthrough. Mike only walked her to the police station on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday after AV club. Maybe if she told Hopper that she had AV club on Tuesdays and Thursdays, she could go to the library instead and could avoid having Mike find out about her secret.

Another advantage to the library, was that she could return the book to its shelf and read it whenever she wanted to try something. Having Hopper discover the book was mortifying enough that she didn't really want to keep it in the cabin any longer.

Eleven pulled the book from her bedside table and stuffed it into her pack. She decided that she was going to enact the first stage of her plan with Hopper over breakfast.

She got up and let her loose boyish sweatpants fall to the floor. She took off the oversized navy blue T-shirt she was wearing. One that Hopper had given to her when things were bad and she suspected was once his. It was old, but comfortable and clean.

Eleven stood in front of her closet. There weren't many clothes, but what she did have had been picked out by Joyce Byers, who had become a mother figure in Eleven's life since everything had happened. She and Hopper had been over to the Byer's house on more than a few occasions for dinner.

On such occasions, Eleven would usually hang out with Will and Jonathan. Most of the songs she knew, she knew because they had introduced them to her. Besides herself, Will was the only one who had really felt the dark loneliness of the Upside Down, and she had become like a brother to him.

She smiled and pulled out a plain white crew-neck T-shirt and a pair of acid washed overalls from the closet. Pulling the shirt over her light frame, she walked over to the small men's shaving mirror that was tacked on the wall.

She pulled the overalls over her smooth, slender legs and fastened the buttons. She took her hairbrush from its hook below the mirror and began brushing out the flat side of her curly, uncontrollable hair. When she had finished, she walked into the the kitchen where Hopper was having his usual cigarette and coffee in front of the kitchen window.

She retrieved two frozen Eggos from the icebox and popped them into the toaster. She got out the butter and syrup, and poured a glass of milk while she waited.

"Morning, kiddo," Hopper said in his usual groggy morning voice.

"Good morning," Eleven beamed while buttering her hot Eggos.

"Well you're in a good mood. What's the occasion?" Hopper asked. Eleven shrugged. "Any big plans today?" Hopper pressed.

"I have AV Club," she said importantly, keenly waiting for Hopper's response.

"AV Club, huh?" he began. "I thought you didn't have AV Club on Tuesdays."

"AV Club is on Tuesday and Thursday now too," she said. "New equipment."

Hopper stood quietly for a minute. She looked at him out of the corner of her eye, awaiting his reaction.

"Okay," he said flatly, "you'll come to the police station right after?"

"Yes," she replied. "Right after."

Eleven carried her plate and the syrup to the table. Hopper finished his cigarette and joined her. They had a quiet breakfast before heading to the school in Hopper's jeep.

Eleven met up with her friends at the bike racks, like usual, and headed inside after the bell rang for first period. After school, she enacted phase two of her plan and headed to the library.

5. Chapter 5 - Stimulated Reader

I wrote this chapter because I got a second wind and pushed through. Your welcome. ;D

Chapter 5 - Stimulated Reader

Eleven arrived at the library a little after 3:30PM. She walked up the concrete steps, past the large stone statues, and through the main doors. She was surprised to see how much busier the place was compared to the last time she was there.

There were several high school kids reading and checking out books in the main lobby. She walked past them and headed to the back corner of the library behind the health section, where she and Nancy had been previously.

Luckily, the back area of the library was just as vacant as it had been before. The worn table was almost completely against the whitewashed brick wall. There was a small bookshelf, smaller than the main shelves forming the aisles, that ran perpendicular to the wall. It created a barrier between the table and the rest of the library, effectively making the spot an ideal location for her activities. There was only one way to get to the table and, with her chair positioned just right, she could keep watch.

She sat down and opened her backpack. She pulled the book out from in between her notebooks and sat it gently on the table. She opened it up to where she had left off and began reading.

Female g-spot stimulation occurs through penetration, either by the fingers, penis, or other device. Locating the g-spot can be a tricky process. However, for most women, the g-spot is located one to two inches inside the vaginal canal. It is found on the topside, or roof, of the vaginal canal (behind the clitoris) and for some women, feels about the size of a pea sitting just below the flesh. The g-spot isn't usually centered exactly, and may be slightly to the right or left of the anatomical line of symmetry.

Eleven read the passage a few times to try to understand it. She

looked at the diagram on the next page. The zone where the g-spot was likely to be found was shaded in red. Even though she was safe in her secluded library nook, Eleven glanced around her.

She stuck her right hand into the side of her overalls and beneath her soft yellow panties. She was surprised to feel that she was already wet. She had been anticipating her trip to the library all day, but hadn't noticed the physical effect it was having on her.

She slowly pushed her middle finger into her slightly swollen pussy. Inside, it felt smooth at first, then rougher. She pushed her finger in a bit deeper. She was now feeling along the top of her vaginal canal for her g-spot. It wasn't painful, but she was having a difficult time finding it. After some tedious searching, she began to press a bit more. A couple inches on the top and slightly to the left, she felt a small crevice. With a bit of pressure, her fingers touched what felt like a bump below the skin. As she pressed it, she felt the need to pee. She had already used the restroom before leaving the school so it was an odd sensation. With guidance of the book, she began to rhythmically press on the area.

It didn't take long. Eleven began to feel pleasure, but it was a different sort than before. Rather than an elevated feeling with intense stimulation, the feeling was duller and more local, but it felt good. After a few minutes, she slid in her ring finger and began to work her g-spot with more determination than before.

Eleven began to notice her reaction to the exercise. Along with her quickened breath, her muscles began to periodically squeeze around her fingers making it difficult to maintain the rhythm. Now confident in her abilities, she pushed the book away from her and stuck her other arm into her now soaking panties.

With her left hand, she began to flick her clit. The feeling of both hands working simultaneously was nearly overwhelming but felt really good.

Eleven began to imagine what Mike's penis would look like. She began to fantasize about him putting it inside of her and the intimacy of his body on top of her own.

She increased her pace. It was at this point that Eleven began to vocalize her pleasure. Still mindful of her surroundings, she breathed heavily, letting out an occasional Hnnn.

Eleven knew she was close to another orgasm. She slid down further in the wooden chair and maintained pace until the pleasure pushed her over the edge.

The first wave hit her like a brick wall. She dug her heels into the carpet and arched her stomach forward. The small shelf to her left shook and several books fell to the floor. Her hand could no longer contain her wetness. The warm juices dripped from her small swollen pussy, across her fingers and onto the carpet below.

The feeling was so overwhelming that she stopped moving her right hand entirely. Not that she could move it much anyway, as her insides had become a vise grip around her fingers. About that time a second wave of pleasure hit her.

This time, the bookshelf on her left shook only slightly, but no book fell. She was getting better at controlling her powers. She stopped moving her left hand and sat it on the table. Still panting, she slowly pulled her right-hand fingers out of her still dripping-wet pussy.

She took a minute to collect herself, then wiped her hands on her overalls.. She stepped out of her nook and was pleased to find the back corner of the library to be just as desolate as when she arrived. She picked up the books that had fallen and shoved them carelessly into vacant spots on the shelf. Afterward, Eleven returned the book to its home in the library and collected her belongings.

She made her way back to the front of the library where there were now several more students. As she headed toward the doors, the desk clerk gave her a friendly smile. She returned the smile and left for the police station.

When she got to the police station, Flo was walking down the hall from Hopper's office with a cup of coffee.

"Good afternoon honey, how was school?" she asked.

"Good," Eleven replied.

"That's good, dear," Flo said, cupping Eleven's face in her hand for a moment before going to her desk.

Deputies Callahan and Powell were playing cards in the front room as usual and noticed Eleven as she entered.

"Hey kid," said Deputy Powell, glancing up at her. "Hi Jane," said Deputy Callahan robotically, still looking at his cards.

Eleven walked down the hall to Hopper's office. The door was open as she entered. A cloud of cigarette smoke filled the room, making her cough a bit as she walked in. Hopper was reading a newspaper.

"How was AV Club?" Hopper asked.

"What?" Eleven asked, caught off guard.

"A-V Club," Hopper annunciated, looking up from his newspaper.

"It was good," she replied, remembering the lie she had told him.

"Good," he said, returning to his paper. "Hey...so I was thinking maybe we pick up some burgers at the diner and go home early today. What do you think?" Eleven nodded. "Okay, well I've got a bit more work to do here if you want to go hang out up front."

With that, Eleven walked back into the front room and, feeling a bit dehydrated, filled up a styrofoam cup with water from the sink. She grabbed a magazine from the stack and sat down in one of the metal fold-out chairs against the wall next to the coffee machine.

She thought about her day and how well her plan had played out. She had already read over half the book and was eager to start getting physical with Mike. But she wanted to surprise him with her newfound knowledge. She thought about where they would go to and how she would start.

Even with a lock on her door, she wouldn't dare try anything at home. And the only times she was at the Wheeler's, all of her friends were there too. She needed someplace private.

The junkyard! she thought. Max had said that she and Lucas had went there to kiss. It was the perfect place. They could have a date on the bus, but she'd have to make sure that none of their friends showed up. The walkie!

Since everything had went down, Mike had bought her a walkie that she could use in case of emergency or in case she ever wanted to just talk. They saw each other so frequently, that she had little for it. Until now, that is.

For emergencies, Eleven could use channel A to reach out to anyone in the group. But Mike had given her a special phrase that she could use to signal him to changing to their own private channel, if necessary.

"There's a chance of rain today," she said quietly under her breath. That was the phrase. She was surprised she remembered it. She honestly thought it was kind of silly when Mike first talked to her about codewords and phrases, but it was actually the perfect way for her to arrange a date with him.

"Let's go," Hopper said firmly from the entrance of the room. His firm tone and the fact that she was planning something he would definitely disapprove of made her jump.

"Later boys!" Hopper called to the back of the room.

"Later, chief," said Powell, giving a loose salute with two fingers. "Have a good night, chief," replied Callahan, still looking at his cards.

"Night Flo," Hopper said.

"Goodnight, Hop," said Flo flatly, "I hope you're feeding that girl more than just junk and fried food!"

"You know it, Flo," said Hopper unconvincingly. He turned to Eleven and winked. Eleven smiled.

"I saw that!" said Flo who, by that time, was already in the other room. Eleven chuckled.

"I can't hear you!" said Hopper loudly walked out the front door. "I

swear...that woman has eyes in the back of her head."

"You hungry?" he asked. She nodded. "Good, because I'm starving," said Hopper, rubbing his stomach.

Hopper ordered burgers and fries to go from the diner down the street. When they got home, Hopper turned on an episode of Magnum P.I. and they ate their dinner in front of the TV. After dinner, Eleven took a quick shower, then brushed her teeth and hair before slipping into a large T-shirt.

She opened her closet door and reached down into an old shoebox sitting in the floor. Inside, she had a notebook with the codes that Mike had written down for her nearly eight months ago. Underneath was the walkie that said Realistic TRC-219 on the front.

Eleven turned it on and was surprised that it still had batteries. She walked over to her window. It was pouring rain outside. Eleven extended the antenna on the walkie and gave it a test.

"Mike," she said timidly over the walkie. There was no response.

"Mike," she said again, only louder this time. She waited. Again, no response. She thought maybe the rain was interfering with the signal. She grew a bit discouraged. Then she remembered that there were specific things she was supposed to say. She ran back to the box and pulled out the notebook. At the top of the first page read Walkie Codes in Mike's handwriting.

Below, were a few sentences:

Say COME IN before someone's name to call them on the walkie

Always say OVER when you are done talking

Say OVER AND OUT when you are done talking and have to go

Normal channel is CHANNEL A

Mike and El's secret call is THERE'S A CHANCE OF RAIN TODAY, then switch to CHANNEL C

She took the notebook back to the window and called again.

"Come in, Mike. Over," she said. A few moments of silence passed.

Mike's voice came through the speaker. "Sorry, I was downstairs! What's wrong? Over."

"Nothing...," she replied, hesitating to use the secret phrase.

Mike paused, waiting for her to say more. After a bit of silence he responded. "Oh...okay. Well... did you need something? Over." he asked in a sincere voice.

"No..." she started, "but... there's a chance of rain today.... Over."

There was a pause and all she could hear was static. "Understood... it's raining here too. I have to go. Over and out." said Mike in a serious voice.

When the walkie went back to static, Eleven moved the slider to channel C and waited.

"Come in, El. Over," said Mike.

"Mike?" began Eleven in a serious voice.

"Yeah?" Mike replied.

"Can we meet at the bus on Friday?" she asked.

"At school?" Mike asked, a bit confused.

"No. The junkyard. After school." she clarified. There was a silence.

"Oh, um...yeah. I guess we can meet there after AV club. Why do you want to meet?" he asked.

She paused a minute, debating what to say. "Secret," she replied.

"Um...okay. Well...Friday after school then," he said.

"Thank you," she said. There was a pause and radio static. "...over and out."

With that, she turned the volume knob to OFF and placed the walkie on her bedside table. She closed the notebook and put it in the drawer. The rain stopped outside. She started on her math homework and, after a few minutes of dividing fractions, she fell asleep.

6. Chapter 6 - Best Laid Plans

*What can I say except your welcome, for the tides, the sun, and the sky!
Well...maybe not, but better than nothing right? ;)*

Chapter 6 - Best Laid Plans

Wednesday came and went, and Eleven and Mike kept quiet about their Friday evening plans. After school, the group met in the AV Club room where Dustin resumed his normal nonsensical radio chatter. After AV Club, Eleven and Mike walked to the police station together.

"El?" Mike asked

"Yeah?" she replied.

"Can I ask why you want to meet on Friday?" he pried. She hesitated a moment, deciding whether or not she should tell him.

"Date," she said plainly.

Mike swallowed hard, his face turning red. "Oh...you want to go on a...real date?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"O-okay..." he paused for a long time. "Well...do I need to bring anything?"

Eleven thought for a moment. The seats on the bus were pretty dirty so she supposed that they might like something to sit on. "A blanket," she replied.

"A blanket?" he asked, a bit confused. Eleven nodded. "Cool, okay...so do you want me to bring snacks too?" Eleven thought about it for a moment and nodded again.

"Alright. Well, I guess I'll bring some candy bars and Coke for us then," he said. "Does that sound okay?" he asked. She nodded.

Eleven looked at Mike. She stared at him for a few moments then put her hand on his. He looked up at her.

"I'm happy," she said, smiled at him.

Mike smiled back at her. "I'm happy too," he said, grabbing her hand tighter.

The following day after school, Eleven went to the library for yet another exploratory session. When she had finished, she made her way to the police station where Hopper was standing in his office, smoking a cigarette, and peering out the window of his office.

Since her friends had decided to go to the arcade on Friday after AV Club, Eleven decided to tell Hopper that she was joining them and wouldn't be home until later.

Without turning around, Hopper broke the silence. "Hey kid, how was school?"

"Good," Eleven replied.

"Hey, so I was thinking maybe we could go fishing at the quarry this weekend if you wanted to. How about it?" he asked, turning around.

Eleven nodded. "Not on Friday," she said.

"No, probably Saturday or Sunday. Why," he started, "what's on Friday?"

"Arcade with friends," she said. "That okay?"

"How are you getting home, after?" he asked.

Eleven paused for a moment, trying to think of a believable lie. "Jonathan," she said.

"Byers?" he asked. Eleven nodded.

Since Hopper was seeing Joyce Byers on a regular basis, he had come to respect Jonathan and how responsible he was for his age. Eleven waited nervously for Hopper's response. Hopper crushed out his

cigarette, pulled out his chair, and sat down.

"Okay," he said after a long silence. "Home by ten?"

Relieved, Eleven let out a breath and nodded.

"Alright, go wait up front now. I've got a some work to finish," he ordered politely.

Eleven walked around the desk and gave Hopper a hug around the shoulders.

"Oh-kay! What's that for?" he asked, caught off guard by the unexpected affection. Smiling, she took a step back and shrugged.

"Well I guess I'll take it," he said, smiling back at her, "now go on."

Eleven didn't feel great about lying to Hopper, yet a part of her couldn't help but appreciate him for always trusting her. Even though he would never approve of what she actually had planned, she was grateful for his trust and felt the need to express it.

The next day after AV Club, the crew headed to Palace Arcade on their bikes. Mike told the guys that Eleven wasn't feeling well so he was going to take her home. Mike wasn't nearly as convincing as Eleven when it came to lying, but the guys weren't difficult to fool.

Max, on the other hand, suspected something might be up and studied Eleven's reaction. Eleven glanced downward to avoid eye contact, then back up again. Max suspected why she was in a hurry to ditch and smiled amusingly at Eleven.

"I hope it's not contagious," Max said jokingly. "Be careful Mike."

Mike turned red at Max's comment. "Well, we better get going."

With that, Eleven hopped on the seat of Mike's bike and they headed for the junkyard. When they got there, Mike pushed open and held the bus door open for Eleven to get on.

She got on and walked toward the back of the bus. Mike shut the door behind them using the lever. He rushed nervously to the center

of the bus and shuffled around, pulling a blanket from his backpack. He lay the blanket on one of the cleaner seats and pulled out a handful of Mars bars and two cans of Coke, setting them down on the blanket.

Eleven shed the jean jacket she was wearing, revealing a white, low-cut blouse that stopped just above her belly button, revealing about an inch of skin above her tight jeans.

Mike swallowed hard. "Wow..." he began, "you look great, El."

"Pretty?" she asked.

"Yeah...super pretty," he answered, wiping his now sweating hands on his pant legs. "Are you hungry?" he asked, attempting to take the attention away from his awkwardness.

Eleven nodded. Mike held out his hand as a gesture for her to sit down. Eleven scooted along the seat until she was close to the window, and Mike sat down on the seat next to her.

He opened the candy bar, popped the tab on a can of Coke, and handed both to her. She sat the can on the floor and took a bite of chocolate.

"Good?" Mike asked. "Good," she replied, smiling.

Soon they had finished their snacks and were sitting quietly. Neither of them had been on a real date before. Eleven knew what she wanted to give Mike but she didn't know how to get from point A to point B. After some smiling and an awkward exchange of looks, Mike broke the silence.

"So...I've never been on an actual date before, but I know we're not supposed to just sit here. I think we should...hold hands...don't you?" he asked nervously.

Eleven nodded. Mike grabbed her hand almost robotically and looked straight ahead at the seat in front of him. Eleven looked at Mike, then at the seat. They had held hands many times before, but this time was different. They had never been on an official date together, so things felt very serious.

Mike's hand was damp, but warm. She moved so that she could slide her fingers between his. Mike scooted closer to her on the seat so that there wasn't a gap between them. Eleven pulled their interlocked hands onto her leg.

Mike looked at Eleven. She looked back at him. They stared into each other's eyes, slowly leaning in until their noses were almost touching. They kissed softly but continuously. Unlike before, Mike raised his hand and put it on the side of Eleven's face, his fingers holding her head slightly.

After a minute or so, Mike boldly turned his head to the side and began to use his tongue. Surprised but not put off by it, Eleven opened her eyes to see Mike with a look of determination she hadn't seen before. She closed her eyes and allowed her own tongue to become intertwined with his.

She had never been in a similar situation, but somehow it felt natural. She unlocked her hand from Mike's and took his wrist. His pulse was fast. She slowly began to push and pull his hand across her thigh. Their bodies were now mirroring each other.

Mike opened his eyes and stopped kissing her for a moment. A serious and slightly nervous look came across his face. After a few seconds, he began kissing her again with renewed hunger. He slowly pulled his arm from her and, with both hands, took her waist. In a swift but careful motion, he scooted her forward in the seat, forcing her to recline until she was practically lying down. With one knee on the seat and the other on the floor, Mike leaned over her and took her face back in his hand. He rested his forehead on her own and took several deep breaths.

There was such a stillness in the air that she could only hear the sound of his heavy breathing and the rapid beating of her own heart. Like the calm before the storm, they both swelled in the moment, exchanging a look of pure passion and unwavering trust. A look of concern came across Mike's face.

After several seconds, he sat up and looked down, as if he was beginning to say something. Eleven sat up a bit and took his hands. Mike looked up to see her smiling at him. He smiled back. She let go

of his hands and took off slowly began to remove her blouse. She struggled a bit with it when she got it up to her neck and Mike helped her take it the rest of the way off.

He let the blouse fall carelessly from his hands onto the bus floor, breaking eye contact only to admire her body. Her porcelain skin was soft and free of any blemishes. She was thin, but not so much that her ribs protruded. Her breasts were not large, but well-proportioned for her body.

Made vulnerable by his gaze, Eleven raised her hands to cover herself. She was afraid he didn't approve of the way she looked. Mike then realized he had been staring at her for a long while. He looked up to see that her face was red and she was staring downward at the seat.

He put his hand under her chin and tilted her head up. "Not pretty," she said disheartenedly.

"No, not pretty..." he said firmly, causing her to look up at him, "...you're beautiful," he said, smiling.

Eleven blushed and couldn't hold back a big smile. Mike always knew the right thing to say, especially when she was feeling unsure of herself.

Mike took her hands in his and uncovered her, not breaking eye contact.

"I guess it's my turn," he said. Mike pulled off his t-shirt and threw it dramatically on the floor, making her laugh.

"My turn," she said, reaching around and undoing the clasp of her bra. Caught off guard by her newfound confidence, Mike turned white at the thought of seeing her naked and covered his eyes instinctively.

He felt Eleven gently grab his wrists and lower his hands. He looked at her exposed breasts for the first time and his heart began to race. The bald, flat-chested girl that once stood before him in a wet t-shirt that was much too big for her had now blossomed into a young

woman. Mike felt his pants were growing tighter in the front as he stared at her small, but shapely breasts.

"Woah...," he muttered under his breath, still perplexed by how incredibly beautiful his girlfriend was and at the unbelievable reality of situation he was in. Eleven shyly glanced down, pushing a loose taft of hair behind her ear with her hand.

Mike closed his mouth and swallowed hard. He was trying to form the words to compliment Eleven, but she spoke first.

"Your turn," she said in an alluring tone.

Mike unfastened his belt and quickly pulled it through the loops, keeping his eyes fixed on Eleven. He fumbled to undo the buttons of his pants. When he finally managed it, he took them off.

A surprised look came across Eleven's face. Mike noticed this and began to feel a bit insecure himself. Unexpectedly, she reached out with her index finger and touched the bulge beneath his boxers. Mike hadn't noticed that looking at his girlfriend's naked body had caused him to have an erection.

Embarrassed, Mike turned red and covered it with his hand. Eleven took his wrist and moved his hand aside. He looked up to see her smiling at him with the same reassuring smile he gave her.

"Beautiful," she said. This made Mike laugh, which relaxed him. Eleven didn't understand why it was funny, but smiled anyway.

After a few moments of silence, Mike's look became serious again and he reached out and touched her neck and face. Eleven tilted her head into his hand. She leaned in and they kissed again. Their soft kisses turned quickly into passionate ones.

With renewed focus, Mike hoisted Eleven onto his lap and wrapped his arms around her torso. She held ran her fingers through his loose black hair as they kissed. She could feel his bulge pressing into the crease of her leg and it made her sigh with anticipation. She slowly began to grind against it, causing Mike to groan while they kissed.

Mike slid his hands down onto her hips to steady her movements,

which were quick and uncertain. His erection was so swollen that the pressure of her jeans was somewhat painful and nearly more than he could stand. She slowed her movements to the pace of Mike's hands. After a minute or so, Mike knew he that wouldn't be able to continue this way very long and so he shifted in and lay Eleven down on the seat, keeping himself centered between her legs. Suddenly, Mike stopped looked down at her jeans for a moment.

Eleven tilted her head up to see what he was looking at. There was a large wet spot, about the size of her fist, covering the crotch of her pants. She hadn't noticed that the evidence of her excitement had clearly soaked through her panties and jeans. Her face turned red. Mike looked up, noticing the embarrassed look on her face.

"No, El, it's fine. Really," he said, leaning over her and kissing her lips. "It's...really sexy," he said.

"Sexy?" she asked, never having heard of the word before.

"Yeah," he explained, "it means that it makes me want to do...more with you."

"More?" she asked.

"Yeah," he affirmed, not really providing her with an explanation.

After a few moments, Eleven guessed at what he had meant and began to undo the button of her pants.

"Wait!" Mike said anxiously. "I mean...maybe I should do that part. We should kiss some more also. It has to happen...normally."

Eleven stopped and Mike leaned in. They made out continuously for another minute or so until Mike began grinding his bulge against the wet spot on her pants, forcing her to stop periodically to vocalize her pleasure. Eleven moaned and sighed. She wanted Mike badly.

Mike responded to her moans by resting his arms beside her head and kissing her breasts, tantalizing her even further. She slid her hands lower and clawed at his lower back.

She heard something that sounded like muffled speech and opened

her eyes. Mike was breathing heavily, but wasn't speaking. She closed her eyes and seated herself in the moment before she heard it again.

Haha, holy shit! She looked over Mike's shoulder to the window on the opposite side of the bus. It was dirty, but two circles had clearly been wiped of dust. In each, she could make out a face.

Shut up! They'll hear us! Eleven sat up quickly pushing Mike off of her.

"What's wrong?" he asked in a panicked tone.

She covered herself with one hand and, with the other, she pointed at the window. Mike turned just fast enough to see the faces of Lucas and Dustin drop out of view.

7. Chapter 7 - Eye for an Eye

A transitional chapter. Enjoy. :)

Mike's face turned red with anger and embarrassment. He picked up Eleven's bra and blouse and handed them to her. "Get dressed," he said firmly, pulling on his own shirt and pants.

"Hey! Assholes!" Mike yelled, stepping off of the bus, still putting on his left shoe. Mike could see Lucas and Dustin laughing and running toward the exit.

About thirty yards past the edge of the lot, he could see Will and Max running to meet them.

"What the hell!" Max yelled. "You guys disappeared!"

"How did you even find us?" Dustin asked.

"It...doesn't matter. You guys lied and then ditched us! What's your deal?" she asked demandingly.

"No time to explain," said Lucas. "We need to go, now!" he exclaimed, glancing behind him.

By that time, Mike had just caught up to the group. He was red in the face, his fists were clenched, and it was too late for escape.

"Yeah? You think that's funny?" yelled Mike. He walked up to Lucas and shoved him to the ground with both hands.

"Woah, guys! C'mon!" Max pleaded, stepping between Lucas and Mike.

"When have I *ever* followed you and Max anywhere?" Mike pushed. Lucas gave a guilty look.

"It was Dustin's idea!" Lucas pleaded, getting up off of the ground.

"No..." started Dustin, "...it was a group effort!" Mike gave a disapproving look. "And we didn't follow you!" he insisted. "We just

heard you guys on the walkie and then when you went quiet, we switched to the other channel where we heard you both planning to come to the junkyard. We honestly thought you had changed your mind, but then you said you were taking Eleven *home* which we both knew was code for smoochy time at the junkyard..."

"Will you *shut up?!'*" interrupted Lucas. "First of all, we had no idea *why* you were coming here. But you can't help us for being curious about why you lied and came to the junkyard instead all secretive-like."

"That doesn't make it okay!" yelled Mike. "Besides, you shouldn't have left! As soon as you saw..." Mike stopped and glanced at Will and Max, cutting himself short to save he and El from further embarrassment. Max though about asking what they saw, but she already had a guess. Several moments of silence passed.

"Saw what?" asked Will.

"Nevermind," said Mike. "The point is that you breached mine and Eleven's privacy. I would never do that to you! You both need to apologize."

"We're sorry!" said Dustin and Lucas simultaneously.

"Not just to me, to Eleven too."

Eleven had been listening to the whole conversation from about ten yards away, but no one had noticed her standing there.

Lucas looked down at the ground as he walked up to Eleven. He looked up at her when he was only a few feet away.

"I'm *really* sorry, El. What we did...wasn't cool. I promise to respect your privacy from now on." he pledged, stretching out his hand for her to shake.

Eleven stood silent for a moment. She saw regret on Lucas' face. While she was a little shaken about what had just just happened, it was frankly less embarrassing than when Hopper walked in on her.

"Okay," she said.

"Thank you...and...sorry again," Lucas said stepping back toward the rest of the group.

Mike glared at Dustin who was pretending to be clueless. Lucas punched Dustin's shoulder. "Ow! Fine! I'm going!"

Dustin walked up to Eleven and mumbled. "Sorr-."

"She can't hear you, Dustin. Louder," Lucas pushed.

"Sorr-..." he mumbled again.

Mike had had enough at this point. He walked angrily and purposefully toward Dustin. Dustin saw him approaching.

"Okay! Okay! Sorry that me and Dustin eavesdropped on your walkie conversation! Sorry we laughed at you guys while you were hugging naked on the bus!"

The air was so thick and hot that you they could hear the remaining discretion dissolve completely.

As soon as Dustin finished speaking, several in the group yelled something different at him. For Max and Will, it was "what?!". For Lucas, it was "shut up!".

But Mike didn't hear anything after Dustin finished his sentence, as a ringing had started in his ears. Furious, he marched right up to Dustin and shoved him as hard as he could to the ground. Mike walked over to Eleven and grabbed her arm.

"C'mon," he said in an aggravated tone. "We're leaving."

"Wait!" said Max, attempting to remedy the situation. "Look...you're angry right now...and you have every right to be! But we both know that Dustin is a total dumbass."

"Dumbass here!" chirped Dustin, raising his hand.

"Shut up!" continued Max. "My point is, I think both Lucas and Dustin learned their lesson. Spying on you and El was wrong. They've obviously lost a lot of your trust and are probably dying to earn it

back again."

"Dying!" Lucas interjected. Max gave him an annoyed look.

"So anyway..." Max proceeded, "...is there anything that they could do to make things right again?"

"No!" Mike insisted.

"Really?" Max questioned. "You can't think of anything they could do to prove to you that they're sorry?"

Mike thought for a moment. "Okay," he said, "an eye for an eye." Dustin and Lucas gave each other a worried look.

"I want you both to make two laps around the junkyard..." he began.

"Well that's easy," Dustin interjected. Lucas smiled with relief and nodded at him.

"...Naked," Mike continued.

"What the hell!? No way!" Lucas protested.

"I may be dumb, but I'm not *that* dumb!" Dustin claimed.

"Fine..." Mike contended, "...underwear. Take it or leave it."

Dustin and Lucas looked unsettlingly at each other. After a few moments of consideration and nonverbal communication, Lucas spoke up.

"No, man. There are girls here," he protested.

"Yeah? How do you both think Eleven felt when you were looking at her through the bus window?" Mike asked. Lucas and Dustin looked guiltily at Eleven, then back at each other.

"Fine," Dustin said, "but what happens in the junkyard *has to stay* in the junkyard."

"Deal," said Mike.

Lucas and Dustin slowly took off their shirts. They hesitated a moment.

"Quit stalling and just do it or we're leaving," Mike asserted.

"Same time?" Lucas propositioned to Dustin. Dustin nodded.

They unbuttoned their pants and took them off. Max and Eleven looked uncomfortable at one another. Mike laughed audibly and looked at Will who was trying to hide a smile.

"Alright. Now, two laps," Mike pushed.

Lucas and Dustin jogged uncomfortably around the junkyard, covering their private bits with their hands. The uncomfortable looks of the girls turned into wild laughter. The group continued laughing even after Dustin and Lucas finished their last lap. Red in the face, they hurriedly put their clothes back on.

"Okay, so we're even now?" asked Lucas in an annoyed tone.

"Even," said Mike, extending his hand for a shake. Lucas shook his hand and the group headed back to the arcade for a few more rounds of Dig Dug.